THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 76.

Boston, Saturday, October 10, 1807.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 100.

.....

..... Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.
Measure for Measure.

Although most men are disposed to make an exaggerated estimate of their own abilities and acquirements, yet no small portion of mankind suffer an indecission of character to obscure the lustre of the one and palsy the exertions of the other.

Every day's experience should convince us that confidence is the best guide to preferment—that energy is the surest pledge of success; and if contempt ought ever to be bestowed on fellow mortals it is surely due to him, who in a world where turmoil and confusion predominate makes no exertion to find out the corner where comfort dwells. Yet what multitudes suffer themselves to be hurried from stations of usefulness and honour, to be swept down the stream of time to the ocean of oblivion, or if they leave a distinguishing mark behind, it is the wreck of character which has met with ruin on the way. These torpid beings had they roused half the energy with which nature had endowed them and which was canker'd but not destroyed by indolence, might at least have maintained the situations they occupied.

Where the timid caution of wary prudence once succeeds, the ardor of daring presumption is ten times triumphant; and verifies the poets observation

"That they *can* conquer who believe they can."

Example is better than precept and without further comment on a subject which is fruitful of remarks, the Wanderer presents to his readers, a letter which produced the foregoing observations.

To the Wanderer.

Sir,

Every delineation of character, which exhibits with fidelity the features of folly, or the lineaments of vice, must interest him, who assumes the protectorate of propriety and the guardianship of morality. I send you the portrait or rather the history of a *clever fellow*, a man, *nobody's enemy but his own*; and if the sketch wants warmth of colouring, it possesses at least one claim to attention, accuracy of outline.

Dick Doubtful was the companion of my school-boy age and my competitor for the little honours which childhood covets. Often at the head of his class, but for want of application sometimes supplanted by lads of inferior capacity, he

gained, notwithstanding, a reputation for ability, and on quitting the school was pronounced one of the best scholars who had passed the gradations its rules had instituted.

In maturer life our intimacy was renewed. Doubtful had served seven years in a compting-house and acquired no incompetent share of mercantile information. He had secured a reputation for probity, that, with the countenance of the house in which his tutelage had been passed, might have procured him a passport to a creditable establishment. But Dick thought the times were bad, political difficulties had rendered speculation unsafe and he concluded if he erred to mistake on the side of safety by waiting for more favourable appearances previous to embarking in active business. A tolerable salary was offered by his protectors if he would continue in their service, and the offer was accepted. The friends who knew Dick's disposition urged a different course, but determining to run no risque, he persisted in his conviction of the truth of an old adage, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Under an establishment where accumulated wealth had left little incitement to exertion, the supervisorship of a compting-house could not occupy unremitted attention.—Doubtful possessed all the companionable virtues, and his company was courted with avidity by a numerous class of friends. Dick felt his inability to launch into the expensive pleasures of many of his associates, but could resist no solicitations to embark in them; and such solicitations were not unfrequently reiterated. The afternoon ride, the evening party, the hotel supper and midnight card table, alternately occupied his hours of leisure. I saw, I pitied his infatuation. Expostulating with him, he owned the impropriety of his conduct, and promised to withdraw himself from the circles he frequented, for he confessed to me that greater pleasure could be derived from intellectual occupation than all the sensual indulgences to which he gave his seasons of relaxation. These determinations were however but the fruit of momentary discretion, and the first call of a thoughtless acquaintance was answered without hesitancy, and the same round of dissipation was unceasingly pursued. The voice of imperious necessity at last operated like an electric shock on the faculties of my friend. To avoid the importunities of duns, Dick dashed to sea. After two years absence he returned with improved finances, paid off his dormant debts and established himself in business, or at least became the occupant of a store. My calls at his compting-house were frequent, but I observed with sorrow his funds were not likely to increase by the exhibition of his sign-board. "To engage in large enterprises," he would say, "was beyond his ability, to pursue a small one was below his notice. An European peace would ruin him if he engaged in foreign commerce, an American war would be equally ruinous if he involved himself with domestic business."

Dick therefore gallanted the ladies during the hours of active business, but on 'change nodded familiarly to bank-directors, shook by the fist every newly imported six weeks visitor of England, and swaggered with more importance than any splendid nabob who, retired from the influence of commercial risques, swelled his enormous capital by the extortion of *twenty per cent* interest from the profits of active trade.

Sometime absent, on my return I

found Dick was married, and to a most amiable woman. This had operated no small change on the man's mind. He had thrown off his lethargy, but his activity was madness. Engaging with desperate adventurers in enterprises where *possibility* of success was alone apparent, his affairs soon became so much involved that the intervention of a Sheriff was required to elucidate them.

His spirits were broken likewise, and by endeavouring to amend them by too ardent stimuli, he has sunk *himself* below the notice of friendship, and drawn on *her* for whom he should have "plucked bright honour," cold disdain, or at most, frigid pity; *her* to whom he should have secured independence, but cheerless penury and unavailing regret.

I sometimes meet him, *the ghost of what he was*, and the return he makes to my salutation convinces me that inebriety has "cowed the better part of man," has forever destroyed the usefulness of one whom an active impulse might have elevated to an honourable and an enviable station.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

Z. FABRICIO.

For the Emerald.

REVIEW.

"A Discourse upon the importance of literature to our country, pronounced before the Society of *Phi Beta Cappa*, at their anniversary, in Cambridge, 27th of August, 1807. By THEODORE DEHON, A. M."

Occasional productions should pass the ordeal of review were it only to keep alive the attention they excite, as it is amiable to exhaust every effort to force existence, though but for a moment, beyond its natural confine. The expediency of reviewing these performances takes higher ground for defence. Reviews are for the public, whose attention is more especially drawn to such productions, and not for the literary, who are independent of guides. When thus employed, while reviews have for their object the direction of public taste, there is a reciprocity of benefit, for they promote respect for public opinion. No man would write a production with the same careless indifference whether it was merely to be spoken and then over and gone, or whether it was afterwards to be seriously and deliberately presented to the public for sentence. He would dread a hand-writing on the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Literary murders would be multiplied,

"if the assassination
"Could trammel up the consequence."

The discourse before us is a *pretty* performance. We scorn supercilious severity. But we think the epithet justified by the truth of the remark, that the writer, on a subject of *inexhaustible* copiousness, with some elegance, discovers not much novelty, little research, less strength, and no ardour. General remarks are indeed hazardous.—They are made however in the spirit of candour and to that spirit are cheerfully trusted.

Inaccuracies of style occur in this performance, some of decided and some of doubtful complexion. In the very first period, though we admit the author's right of election, yet we cannot account for his preference of "*has*" to *have*. In the second sentence; "It is a subject for which every *enlightened* mind feels an *instinctive* affection" "Enlightened" is tautological. We cannot conceive any necessity for the mind's being enlightened if the af-

fection be *instinctive*. In the third sentence the phrase *held a resort* is at best of dubious correctness; as is in the fourth the confused compound "prompted by diffidence to pause." A man's being *prompted* by *diffidence*" is a little like his being *urged on* by something that *pulls back*, and his being *prompted* by *diffidence* to *pause*" like his being *urged on* by something that *pulls back* to *stand still*. But the writer's Rhetorick is mathematically correct.—"*Equal coutrary forces destroy each other.*" Our orator in beginning his discourse, it seems, was much like a cart between two horses, harnessed in, one at each end. One nag *urges on*, the other *pulls back*, and the cart *stands still*.

"*The power of letters*" says Mr. D. in his second paragraph, "to soften the manners and refine the "sentiments of a people, has attracted the notice of every investigator "of the causes of national character. "As far as history and observation "furnish us with lights, we discover "satisfactorily, that *they* are friendly to good feelings and elevated "thoughts, to correct opinions and "generous deeds." The relative "*they*," in this sentence, if it refer to any thing expressed in the paragraph, refers to "*the power of letters*," and not to have done violence to grammar, "*they*" should therefore been *it*. Perspicuity would have been promoted by this alteration. For there would have been no antecedent in the whole paragraph in the singular number, and therefore no antecedent to which *it* could refer, but "*the power of letters*;" but there are many antecedents in the plural, to which *they* may refer, and the rule of construction, which connects the relative with the last antecedent, would make "*they*" refer to "lights," to "history and observation," and perhaps to other antecedents, rather than carry it back to "letters," with which the writer undoubtedly meant the word should agree. The truth is, the fair antecedent in common sense as well as grammar is the subject of the paragraph, "*the power of letters*," or as the author afterwards expresses it, "the influence of correct literature."

"What softened the manners of "the originally barbarous Gaul?—"The enterprises of war called him "to *the* regions where the muses "had dwelt." For the use and force of the definite article Mr. D. is requested to glance at the preface to "Elements of Criticism" where Lord Kaim modestly suggests that the reason for naming his work Elements, rather than *the* Elements of Criticism, was that by the title he meant to imply that his book contained some of the elements without pretending to have combined them all. His Lordship well knew his mother tongue, and the distinction is founded in her delicate nature. The definite article prefixed to a plural noun makes that noun express all the particulars, that can come within the meaning of the word. Mr. D. should therefore, in the last sentence quoted, have omitted the first definite article, as he does not and could not mean that the Gaul was called to all the regions where the muses had dwelt, but merely that the enterprises of war had called him to some of them. These had indeed carried him to Byzantium, to different parts of Asia, and had returned him home, enriched with literary spoils. But the muses had dwelt in more regions than the Gaul could conquor. All the places at which he could touch in his career of victory, were few compared with those, at which these ladies of rhyme, reason, and passion had, at different periods, found a home. Had the

sentence read "The enterprises of war called him to regions, where the muses had dwelt;" the sense would fairly be given and the sound improved.

At the beginning of the third paragraph "in the same *bright sunshine*, which is favourable to the choicest vegetation, weeds will be rank and numerous;" *bright* is tautological and the epithet unmeaning. Sunshine cannot be other than bright. Mr. Dehon in his *bright sunshine*, "*parva componere magnis*," is about as bad as Horace in his "*liquidi fontes*."

The next sentence is really an odd one. "It had indeed been happy for Greece and Rome, if when letters freed them from the vices of barbarism, a pure and efficacious religion *might have* freed them from the vices of refinement." *Indeed*, Mr. Dehon!—Well then, it *was* happy; for at that time "a pure and efficacious religion" *might have* done all this. The sentence, as it now stands, is downright nonsense. Yet behold, this great matter of mischief is kindled by the little auxiliary fire, "might have," and could have been utterly prevented by the substitution of *had!* Or rather the period is thus involved in such thick smoke and confusion, that no object can be discerned through the whole of it, when it wanted only the light of this little particle to "manifest" that "now the darkness conceals." We have no doubt what Mr. Dehon meant. But the thought should have been on his page, as it was on his mind. "It had indeed been happy for Greece and Rome, if when letters freed them from the viees of barbarism, a pure and efficacious religion" *had* "freed them from the vices of refinement." Nothing would then have been left to conjecture.

The use of the pronominal adjective, *whose*, in lieu of the phrase, *of which*, can never be strictly correct. But we have met no example, in which this abuse is a greater rhetorical misfortune, than in the following instance. "In the distinguished reign of Charles the second, *whose* manners, &c."—"*Whose*" refers to Charles the 2d, but the manners of the reign were meant to be expressed, and not of the monarch. *The manners of which*, would have remedied the evil, and correctness in this instance, as it must in all others, have increased perspicuity.

When the orator talked about poppies and night-shade, we could easily see, who put the poppies into his "veins," and hope that from attention to the pages of that distinguished character, they may soon turn out to be "herbs of grace."

"Greece was at the acme of her glory, when letters and the arts *poured* the brightest beams *of their powers* upon her states." "Of their powers" is superfluous and rather incongruous with the metaphor. *Pouring beams* is decidedly unwarrantable, and is an instance of the confusion of metaphoric duplicity. In the next sentence perspicuity is again put to flight.—"And the conqueror of Greece, *the mistress of the world*, rose not to the complete ascendancy of her superiority, till she had appropriated to herself, not only the territories, but the spirit and literature of the nation she had subdued." To whom does "*mistress of the world*" refer, to the conqueror or Greece, for both are feminine? I shall not be answered, it must refer to conqueror, and not Greece, since the latter could not be mistress of the world when she herself was conquered; for who does not remember the fine quotation of John-

son to Chesterfield, *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la monde?* Mr. Dehon may have had a similar idea, and it is obvious enough. But carry the analysis through, and we shall find this to be a sentence singularly and signally constructed.—"And the conqueror of Greece, the mistress of the world, rose not to the complete ascendancy of *her* superiority, (the superiority of Greece) till *she* (the conqueror, Rome) had appropriated to *herself*, not only the territories, but the spirit and literature of the nation she had subdued." Who does not perceive that our interpolations are conjectural and depend merely on our own reasonings as to what must have been the writer's meaning, independent of his words, and not upon any particular indices, pointing the relatives to their respective antecedents.——"Pale, then, as *the* "*beams* of the *waning moon* in the "light of *day*," &c. Here is an original, and pale enough too, friend. The author's merit of invention out Herschells Herschell. Lo, an astronomical discovery! Moon-beams in the light of day! A beam from the moon at noon-day was too faint an expression of our star-gazer's idea of extreme paleness. It must be from the *waning* moon. Verily to any other than a *lunatic*, it makes little odds in the day-time whether the moon waxes or wanes.

The quotation, that should have been engraved on the last stone of the ruins of Rome, is indeed happy. But the hexameter should not have been mutilated.

The phrase "press's freedom" is harsh and the epithet "*unperishable*" awkward. "The Muses in disgust "retire to their groves, and their "votaries, disheartened, hang up "their harps *upon the trees that are* "*therein*." This confusion of the sacred and profane must excite a laugh or a sneer at the expense of the sacred. This is reason enough for a clergyman to avoid it. The expression too is flat even to staleness. We recommend to Mr. Dehon the perusal of Mr. Foster's valuable essay on Evangelical Religion, as containing important reasons for adopting popular or classical language in lieu of the diction of scripture. "*The trees that are there*" would have been an easier and better termination.

"Very great, we are persuaded "would be the advantage to the li "erature of our country, if the m "ritorious editors of these work "were enabled by the generous "patronage of the rich, and the li "eral contributions of the learned "so to conduct them, that Minerva "would not blush to find her ima "in the frontispiece; and "streams, which are conveyed "them into the circles of "fashionable and the closets of "studious, might be brought, "der her direction, from the fo "tains of Ilyssus." If this be a strange confusion of the literal and metaphorical, still the writer loses sight of his metaphor the moment he talks about "the circles of the fashionable," unless he means literally to overflow our parlours, revive an old punishment, and sentence our fair fashionables to circles of *ducking-stools*. To conduct the streams into the closets of the studious would be to give scholars a cold bath, which to the persons of most students would be no very material injury.

We have nearly done with verbal criticism. In the last sentence but one, "*unhinge the order*," is among the incomprehensibles of language, and in the last "*fixed* laws of nature will *bow*" is all things in the world not the most unlike *an express contradiction*

rms. We shall export this, con. gned to Miss Edgeworth, for the xt edition of "Irish Bulls. But stilities may perhaps prevent. eanwhile strike out "*fixed*" and ou leave the laws at liberty to *bow*. We have indeed been minute. n these subjects we have one o- nion. Reviews are worthless un- ss analytical.

This production is not without auties. It has many, the writer s happily expressed the reason y the manners of the Gaul were tened; "He breathed in Asia e air which came over Parnar- s." To some this may seem a nceit. We are satisfied. The rsonification of "religion, which me down from heaven" is apt, t the author seems determined to ke the life of his figures by the e of neutral opiates; as in this stance alluding to religion, *its* ory obscured; *its* efficacy mana- d and the beauties of *its* form arred by distortion, or *covered th the drapery of absurdity*. Why s *it* covered with drapery, unless make religion a *Scare-crow*, uld be the sneer of the "*profanum lgas*." This deadening particle curs so frequently,* the writer ems to have a fondness for its dull tality. One would think he would ther have his piece even feminine an neuter.

This performance has bold fig- es. "*Instance the best virtues of humanity found dead* at the feet of wedded ignorance and superstition;" "Time viewing with increasing awe those relics of the greatness of Rome, which *her* Muses had taught him to venerate, the whirlwind of passions, that would have prostrated in its "maddening course the venerable "father and the peace of his coun- "try." The allusion to the Centaurs has beauty. The indignant blush of Appollo at the degradation of poets, is introduced with effect; there are apposite quotations and fortunate compliments. The diction is rather neat than striking. The composition however far transcends mediocrity. But the observations on such a subjectat so late a day are extremely superficial. The author rather gives us sippings at the streamlets of Helicon than deep draughts, imbibed at the Pierian spring. The discourse is not without eloquence and classical literature; but we wish it had less affectation of the one, and more nature in the other. X.

* As in speaking of literature, "*It* spires and cherishes," the keys are in keeping, as also in the notice of high rn satire, &c.

For the Emerald.

THEATRICAL.

It is a well founded remark, that a man suffers more from an injudicious friend than an avowed enemy. Something like one of that class, is "Philo Theatricus," in the Palladium of yesterday, whom we are apprehensive, will draw down the anger of criticism upon performances, where contempt would otherwise have remained. From internal conviction we presume Philo Theatricus to be interested in the Theatre; and if he is fearful, that the faults of the performers are not *distinctly unfolded*, he may rely that there are writers who *will* develope them, and show *why* their present contempt is excited. If the managers are desirous of *criticism*, they shall have enough of it; and not unjust either; but distinct, open, palpable.

It was evident the ironical shafts on the person who performed "*Duncan*" in Macbeth, ought to have wounded the managers, at whom they might with propriety have been directed, for casting the part in so disgraceful a manner. If the managers disown the communication of Philo Theatricus as

instigated or effected by them, they may expect if not a cessation of hostilities, at least that the general faults of the stage may be covered by the mantle of forgiveness. It rests with them, therefore, to choose between an absolute and undeviating severity of censure where performances will warrant the exposure, and an occasional sally of ridicule against preposterous outrages on good acting and just conception of character.

Our remarks as applied to Mr. Usher were not intended to be invidious; but regarded his *appearance* only when acting counterparts with Mr. Fennel. We certainly do not wish to repress the ambition of improvement, which this performer appears to have imbibed; it being so rare a quality, we certainly will cherish it.

Philo Theatricus may hear from us again.

Quid deceat quid non.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PYRAMIDS.

A WRITER, who has done much to amuse the imagination and enlighten the understanding, speaking of these astonishing works, in vain intended to escape the rage of time, and now mouldering into ruin, makes the following observation: "When the monarchs of Egypt erected such stupendous masses for no other use but to record their names, they little suspected that a weed* growing by the Nile would one day be converted into more durable registers of fame, than quarries of marble and granite."

DECEPTION.

To deceive is a base trade at best; but to deceive those we love and value is a folly so totally inexcusable, that I defy all the arts of sophistry to frame an argument in its favour. *Sterne.*

* The Papyrus.

When you *must* yield, do it gracefully; when you must persist, do it courageously; when you must reject, respect the feelings of those who suffer, and preserve your own from sufferance. *Zimmerman.*

Modesty that shrinks at a glance, observation that thunders out its facts and sanctity that is strained till it tortures, are as detestable as that affected bluntness which endeavours to palm off rudeness for honesty; the polish that the urbane put upon their deportment never destroys, but lends a grace to their integrity. *ibid.*

We know not the author of the following lines, but they are the production of a poet and will be perused with pleasure by every reader who admires the muses.

THE BIRTH OF A BLUSH.

WHEN, o'er the pure and blissful earth,
Vice first her baneful influence shed,
And gave those latent poisons birth
That through Life's sweets infection spread—

Bereft of home, her form to screen,
Meek MODESTY deserted stray'd;
Unnotic'd and unknown when seen,
Pensive, she droop'd her beauteous head:

For AFFECTATION, child of Guile,
Usurp'd the virgin's small domain;
Assum'd her air—her artless smile—
And, undisputed, held her reign,

Then Heav'n benign bestow'd her aid,
The Friend's increasing pow'r to crush—
Bore to the light the feeble maid,
And mark'd her presence with a BLUSH.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here, crumbling lies, beneath this mold,
A man whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest
Tho' thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest.
For he, *poor man*, with all his store
Died in great want—*the want of more.*

CHILDHOOD.

There are few who are travelling down the hill of life but will *feel* the justness of the following observations:

I have just been observing several children of eight or ten years old, in all the active vivacity which enjoys the plenitude of the moment without "looking before or after;" and while observing, I attempted, but without success, to recollect what I was at that age. I can indeed remember the principal events of the period, and the actions and projects to which my feelings impelled me; but the feelings themselves, in their own pure juvenility, cannot be revived, so as to be described and placed in comparison with those of maturity. What is become of all those vernal fancies which had so much power to touch the heart? What a number of sentiments have lived and revelled in the soul that are now irrevocably gone. They died, like the singing birds of that time, which now sing no more.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

Men, says Foster, in one of his admirable essays, carry their minds as they carry their watches, content to be ignorant of the mechanism of their movements, and satisfied with attending to the little exterior circle of things, to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing. It is surprising to see how little self-knowledge a person not watchfully observant of himself may have gained in the whole course of an active, or even an inquisitive life. He may have lived almost an age, and traversed a continent, minutely examining its curiosities, and interpreting the half-obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind to impress or to erase characteristics of much more importance to him than all the figured brass or marble that Europe contains. After having explored many a cavern or dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess in his character. He may have conversed with many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects; but, having neglected those conversations with himself by which his whole moral being should have been kept continually disclosed to his view, he is better qualified perhaps to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trade; to represent the manners of the Italians, or the Turks; to narrate the procedings of the Jesuits or the adventures of the gypsies; than to write the history of his own mind.

In some instances, to recollect the instructions of a former period will be to recollect too the excellence, the affection, and the death, of the persons who gave them. Amidst the sadness of such a remembrance, it will be a consolation that they are not entirely lost to us. Wise monitions, when they return on us with this melancholy charm, have more pathetic cogency than when they were first uttered by the voice of a living friend who is now silent. It will be an interesting occupation of the pensive hour, to recount the advantages which we have received from beings who have left the world, and to reinforce our virtues from the dust of those who first taught them.

The Village, a poem by Crabbe, the head quarters of wretchedness, a village workhouse is thus described:

There is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day,
There children dwell, who know no parent's care,
Parents, who know no children's love dwell there,
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood's fears,
The lame, the blind, and (far the happier they)
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

This article is from an ingenious annotation on the Tattler.

"Illustrious monuments have been erected in Westminster abbey to players, fiddlers, &c. who had not

the twentieth part of Steele's merit, and whose services compared with his, were frivolous and insignificant, while a man of genius and fashion who lived with the greatest men of his time and some of the first that this nation can boast of has been so much neglected, that his have been for half a century consigned to oblivion in a place remote from the scene of his usefulness, without a stone of one foot's length, to tell where they lie."

MAGNANIMITY OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

When Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death, if he spoke on the other side; the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, although the event was uncertain, answered, with a smile—"Did I ever tell *you* that I was immortal? My virtue is in *my own* disposal—my life in *your's*. Do what you will, *I* shall do what I *ought;* and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than *you* in all your laurels.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL BLIGH.

When Mr. Bligh was a captain in a regiment of infantry, and he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire, they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the mean time, some sporting gentlemen of the country came in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company; asked, "who they were?" The landlord told them he did not directly know, but he believed the gentleman was an Irish officer. "Oh! d—n him, if he's Irish," says one of the company, "a potatoe will serve him.—Here," waiter, "take up this watch," pulling out an elegant gold watch, "carry it up stairs, and ask the gentleman what's o'clock." The waiter at first hesitated; but the company insisted upon delivering the message, and he was obliged to comply. Mr. Bligh was surprised at such an impudent message; but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent his compliments to the company, that he would tell them before they parted. The message, however, produced his dinner to be sent up in quiet; which, after he had eat, he claps a couple of horse-pistols under his arm, and going down stairs, introduced himself to the company, by telling them, he was come to tell them *what o'clock it was;* but first begged to be informed, to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged:—here a dead silence ensued. Mr. Bligh than began on his right hand, by asking them severally the question, each of whom denied his knowledge of the circumstance.—"Oh then," says he, "gentlemen, I find I have mistaken the room; the waiter a while ago, brought me an impudent message from some people in this house, which I come, as you see, (pointing to his pistols) properly to resent, but I find I have mistaken the company:" saying this, he wished them a good evening, paid his bill, stepped into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept to the day of his death.

GENIUS.

Let genius, true genius, says Cowper, conceal itself where it may, we may say of it, as the young man in Terence said of his beautiful mistress, *Diu latere non potest.*

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The following lines possess the flow of genius, and will be perused with additional satisfaction, by those who have seen a copy of Fuseli's celebrated picture of THE NIGHT MARE.

When on his Night-Mare, thro' the evening fog,
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog,
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid, by sleep opprest,
Alights, and grinning, sits upon her breast.
—Such as of late amid the murky sky
Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye:
Whose daring tints, with Shakespeare's happiest grace.
Gave to the airy Nothing, form and place.—
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
Then shrieks of captur'd towns, and widows tears,
Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood-stain'd biers;
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
The trackless desert, the cold starless night;
And stern-eyed murtherer with his knife behind,
In dread succession agonize her mind,—
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;
In vain to scream her quivering lips she bids,
And rolls her eye-balls in their palsy'd lids;
In vain she wills to run, fly, swim, walk, creep——
The will presides not in the bower of sleep.—
Squat on her breast the pondrous demon clings,
Mocks all her groans, and flaps his leathern wings.

ODE TO CRITICISM.

By J. Scott, Esq.

Fair nymph! of taste and learning born,
Whom Truth's and Candour's gifts adorn,
The Muse's friend! to thee she sings:
Accept the grateful verse she brings.
When Genius ranging Nature o'er,
Collects his tributary store,
What matter's tract immense supplies,
Or wide in Mind's vast region lies,
And every thought with skill combines,
And all transmits in tuneful lines:
Then rapture sparkling in thine eye,
Then rais'd thy solemn voice on high;
Thy comment still his work pursues,
The plan explains, the style reviews,
And marks its strength, and marks its ease;
And tells us why and how they please.
And when, perhaps, disdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair;
Whate'er of such thy sight surveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er displays,
But hints, as spots that dim the sun,
Or rocks that future sails should shun.
'Twas thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with her Sage * allur'd to rove;
'Twas thee to whom in Tadmor's bowers,
Her Statesman† vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas thee to whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her Bard‡ in careless measures sung;
'Twas thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age, by thee inspir'd,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admir'd;
And Pope, intent on higher praise,
So polish'd all his pleasing lays;
And now, by thee, our favour'd coast,
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boast;
And her whose pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakespeare's injur'd page.§
Give me, bright Power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear;
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to Merit's modest brow;
And when the Muse her presence deigns
And prompts my own unstudied strains,
Instruct me them with view severe,
To inspect, and keep from error clear;
Nor spare, though fancy'd e'er so fine,
One ill-placed thought, or useless line.

* *Aristotle.* † *Longinus.* ‡ *Horace.*
§ *Mrs Montagu.*

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lap'd on Cythera's golden sands
When first True Love was born on Earth,
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claimed the sweet employ,
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeful mind of Youth;
Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,
Too stern, too cold, the matron truth;

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,
But Prudence disallow'd her right,
She deem'd her Iris pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given,
And well with Hope the cherub throve,
'Till innocence came down from Heaven,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,
When all preferr'd to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When, pillow'd on her plush-rose bed,
Tired Innocence to slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin head;

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest:
Drunk with new joy, he heaved, he smiled,
Reel'd—sunk—and died upon her breast!

LINES BY DR. CAMPBELL.

While, thro' life's thorny road I go,
I will not want companions too;
A dreary journey, and alone,
Would be, alas! too troublesome:
But company, that's choice and good,
Makes trouble hardly understood;
For toil *divided*, seems to be
No toil, but a felicity;
Therefore will I companions take,
As well for ease, as safety's sake.
Fair Truth shall serve me for a guide
Justice shall never leave my side:
Integrity my trusty guard;
Nor shall I Caution quite discard;
Experience shall my tutor be,
Nor will I wiser seem than he;
Discretion all my thoughts shall weig
And Modesty my words convey;
Soft Innocence protect my sleep,
And Charity my purse shall keep.
Thus, through this wilderness I'll stra
Nor never fear to loose my way;
The *sages* I sometimes will see,
Be *sometimes* with the *Muses* free,
With guiltless mirth an hour beguile
Or with free spoken Satire smile;
With Meditation often walk,
Or with sweet Melancholy talk;
With these companions dear, I'll spo
Nor heed the journey, long, or short.

THE COQUET.

By G. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq.

Leila, with too successful art,
Has spread for me the cruel snar
And now, when she has caught
heart,
She laughs and leaves it to despai

Thus the poor sparrow pants for brea
Held captive by a playful boy,
And while it drinks the draught
death,
The thoughtless child looks on w
joy.

Ah! were its fluttering pinions free
Soon would it bid its chains adieu
Or did the child its sufferings see,
He'd pity and relieve them too.

ANACREONTIC.

As a garland once I wove,
I found, amid the roses, Love.
Fast by the wings the rogue I caugh
And drench'd him in a copious draug

Heedless wretch! I took the cup,
And drank it to the bottom up.
Still I feel his tingling dart,
Still he flutters at my heart.

Boston, Mass. Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG
No. 70, State Street.